

## SWORD ART ONLINE: BLACK FEATHER

by Mangal54

Category: Halo, Sword Art

Online/ã,¼ãf¼ãf%ã,çãf¼ãf^ãf»ã,ªãf³ãf©ã,ðãf³

Genre: Adventure, Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-01-27 00:29:19

Updated: 2013-01-27 00:29:19

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:00:24

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,168

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: What if everything you knew wasn't true? What if real monsters hid behind the faces of others, like masks to a ball? What if you're trapped in a game where death is the only other escape and hides at every corner? Thank god its in Japan, hackers central, and the Maker has your back. Can you stop the son of the Maker? NO KIRITO!

## SWORD ART ONLINE: BLACK FEATHER

You all may hate me for this but its time for me to clean out my Ipod, and this was one of my stories I typed up during my S.A.O. fan-gasums and trying to figure out how to make ODS armor. Here you go!

SWORD ART ONLINE: BLACK FEATHER.

M.C.: Ingram ('the raven's son')

"So full of hate were our eyes  
>that none of us could see.<br>Our war would yield countless dead,  
>but never victory."<p>

"So let us cast arms aside,  
>and like discard our wrath.<br>Thou, in faith, will keep us safe,  
>whilst we find the path."<p>

The young man, not yet free of his teen aged years, stood in the near blinding white space. He had confirmed his gender and hight on the blue/white sphere in front of him, now all he needed was a name; something that could represent himself, but what? 'Ingram?' The name held a flare, and from the back of his mine came the sensation of it being his only choice, along with the memories of his time under the name.

His trip to America to participate in the yearly Halo conventions was the first to enter his mind, closely followed by the programmers contest he had won. Who would have thought what started as a single game nearly thirty years ago would end up creating a major empire that stretched from cartoons to actual military gear.

Sliding his fingers over the holographic keyboard he entered the name. "Ingram" hitting the enter button a small screen appeared. "Resent Data for 'Ingram' still available, do you wish to use? Y/N" suddenly a memory socked him, 'Ingram' was the player name he had registered the bonuses he won from the Halo Programers contest under. He didn't know what they were but it was supposed to be something Halo related, but he had no idea what it could be, and in a game like Sword Art Online it could be near anything from a Skin pack to a Grunt for a pet.

Hitting the "Yes" button the consul flashed away and a flash of light forced him to close his eyes. "Welcome, to Sword Art Online." a soft female voice whispered in his ear as lights exploded before him. The explosions of lights dimmed in brightness as sounds filled the silence.

Air rushed over his face, shifting through his hair, and howling by his ears; lights subsided, no longer forcing him to keep his eyes closed, so he opened them. Before him was an open room, it's color similar to that of gun-gray, and larger then any room he had been in before. The lights over head pulsed on and off, like a horror movie set, exposing crates that seemed to move each time the lights above flickered out, adding to the horror set feel.

This wasn't the starting point, it didn't look anything like 'The Town of Beginnings'. "Hello?" He called into the growing darkness, hoping for an answer, and as if it was responded to the row of lights farthest from him snapped off. The lights momentarily surged with the new power that was freed from use of the now off lights.

After a near minute another row went out, and another, and another, and another, until the row above him was the last one lit. Slowly the lights to his right and left went out until the only one on was above his head, but that didn't last long; it was out before he even realized it had been the last light on.

The sudden darkness disturbed him, even more then the flickering lights. But it didn't last long, for behind him, an area he could have sworn a wall had occupied, came the humming of electricity and the dull glow of emergency lights. 'Why are they always red?' Was his silent question as he looked at the single light that projected the red glow.

Under the light was a table, two chairs, a smaller light, and what looked like file. Moving slowly, trying to search the darkness of the large room for anyone, be it player or NPC. Reaching the table he absently noted the file had his actual picture clipped to it.

"Bing"

Ingram turned around, his fists ready, but there was nothing to be seen in the darkness. Turning back around Ingram nearly jumped out of

his skin, a man in Black B.D.U. (Battle Dress Uniform) was sitting across the table, folder in hand, his face blank. He looked Ingram in the eye, and motioned for him to sit down.

"It's nice to see you Mr. Osaka." The uniformed NPC started, instantly sending warning light off as it said his real last name. "My name is Kayaba Akihiko, the developer of S.A.O.." Ingram's jaw dropped, 'Ok, so not an NPC!'

"Uh..." Came his unintelligent reply, but did managed to make the maker of the 'Net Gear' laugh. "I was expecting this, honestly I would be surprised if you weren't speechless." He just stared at the developer, his brain slowly accepting the face that he was meeting with the man who made everything around him possible. A question came to mind, and with his mental filter momentarily down, it was instantly asked.

"Where are we?" A grin spread across Mr. Kayaba's face. "We are currently six levels under the Town of Beginnings, your own personal floor." "Oh..." How else was he suppose to react, he was sitting with the newly termed 'Father' of Virtual Reality, on his own floor, in the launch of the most expected games of the decade. "Yes it is a bit to take in isn't it Mr. Osaka?" "Yeah..." "That's fine Mr. Osaka, this was expected." He nodded, "Thank you, but please call me Sokoi, Mr. Osaka is my father."

"That is fine Sokoi, it's nice to meet someone who isn't hooked on formality with me." Kayaba answered with a light laugh. "But I must discuss something serious with you." His eyes lost its humerus glint, and his jaw was set. "O...K.?"

Kayaba slouched in his chair, and it seemed his age showed through his Avatar. "This isn't a game anymore." His voice a complete opposite of what it had been earlier. "What are you talking about?" A creeping fear rose up his spine. "I no longer have control of the system. Everything in here, in S.A.O. is now as real as the outside world."

It was at this time, a time that would live on in infamous, that Sokio Osaka died like many others would. For in his place stood Ingram a completely new person, who's soul thoughts were to kill the man responsible for his capture. A man by the name of Kabiu Akihiko, the son of Net Gear's developer.

-Note:

The probubility of this being updated relys souly on reviews.

End  
file.